

Crossing over

by Xandria

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Summary: Micheal and theo meet up with M7. soon to be deleted

Crossing over

# Crossing over again.

>Title: Crossing over now & again. <br>Author: Xandria

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>Rating: PG <maybe> <br>Archive: Yes just email me and tell me where.

>Summary: Micheal and Theo work on another secret goverment and meet up M7. <br>Disclaimer. I dont own it, wish i did I'd make sure it stayed on the air. just borrowing them or am i keeping them alive. what ever.

>Author Notes: I took liberties with Nathans nick name. hopefully the rest is ok. Feed back is wanted. This is my first M7 fic. be kind.

<hr> Crossing over now and again.

> Dr Theodore Morris watched as Mr. Wiseman slowly woke up while complaining for the sixteenth time since he first opened his eyes at the lack of entertainment. In fact the only enjoyment he got was complaining about the lack of stimuli. <p> "Well Mr. Wiseman, you're in luck." Dr. Morris told him. "We've been invited to participate in another government project."<p>

"What? There's more than one?" Michael asked sarcastically.

"This should prove very interesting. Were going to travel back in time to the Wild West."

"You're kidding, right? That's impossible. Wait never mind transplanting a brain was impossible too. When do we leave." Michael said as he wondered if anything would surprise him anymore.

Dr. Morris handed him a large box, "Right, now so get

dressed."

"What? For me? You shouldn't have." Michael said as he pulled out vintage western clothing including a buffalo coat.

"Go ahead make my day. was that five..." He asked the mirror holding his finger like a gun.

"If you're done you Eastwood impression I'd like to leave."

"No problem, partner." Michael said pulling on his wide rimmed hat.  
"Hey do I get a gun?"

"No." Dr. Morris stated. "One more thing. I suggest you say as little as possible."

"Sure, I'll be the strong silent type." Michael said as he exaggerated his walk. "So do I look like a cowboy? Lisa always had a thing for cowboys."

\* \* \*

> "Couldn't we travel by horse instead of the limo? I feel so out of place."<p> "We'll be riding horse back once we get to the nineteenth century, Mr. Wiseman."<p>

"So doc, where are we going? I've always wanted to see Texas."

"We heading for a small town called Four Corners in Colorado. Once there we will locate a mine and collect a sample of a rare mineral..." Dr. Morris continued his scientific babble while Michael tried to listen.

"Why don't we just go to the mine now." Michael asked thinking that would be easier then traveling in time to get a mineral."

"Unfortunately it was a victim of urban development. I believe it is now a mall."

"So do I get a cowboy name? I've always liked Colton."

"Were not there to socialize. We get in, go to the mine, and grab the samples, then leave. Can I make that any simpler, Mr. Wiseman."

"Great. I go back in time and I don't even get a lousy T-shirt." He complained.

\* \* \*

> They arrived at the research facility and were quickly escorted to the lab. Michael was given a brief demonstration on how to use the vintage revolver he was finally given to complete his look.<p> Taking a look in the mirrored wall Michael said, "Gee I almost wish my hair was longer. It would complete the look."<p>

"You know, your right." One of the project doctors said surprising Michael since he was used to being ignored or patronized when he gave ideas.

"Dr Greenbay, bring me that Bio-accelerator."

"Here you go, Dr. Bentley."

"Ok, just be very still." Dr. Bentley used the device on his hair making it a few inches longer."

"Cool. You can make a fortune with that thing. You should do an infomercial." Michael said playing with his new hair. "How do I look, doc?"

"Come on, we have work to do." Dr Morris ordered slightly annoyed.

\* \* \*

> "We'll get you, Vin Tanner! Mark my words. I'll be back." The leader of a group of thugs said as they were driven out of the town.<p> "I'll be here." Vin said calmly with no trace of fear."<p>

After swearing in frustration at not seeing even a spark of fear in the sharpshooters eyes the man rode off.

"He's not going to let it go." Buck said as he watched the men ride away.

"I know." Vin agreed.

"Drink?" Buck said as they disappeared over the horizon.

"Yep."

"Best to lay low for a while until they cool their heels." Buck advised.

They rode back to town and settled in for a long game of poker with Ezra and Nathan.

It was a few hours and a couple of bottles of whiskey later that Charlie Whitman rushed in the bar looking for Nathan.

He was in such a breathless hurry he failed to see Vin sitting in the corner.

"Doc," Which most of the townsfolk had taken to calling Nathan, "A man's been hurt and I'm so sorry. They killed Vin."

"What?" Vin asked startling the old man and almost making his white hair whiter.

"But I saw you shot and fall off old man bluff not less than an hour ago." Charlie's voice turned into a ghostly whisper.

"Been here all night."

"But those Wesley boys..."

"You said a man was hurt." Nathan asked concerned about the injured

man.

"Yeah He's in my wagon. Fear'd for a moment it was you. Really glad you're not dead."

"Me too." Vin said as they hurried to the wagon.

"Vin,... I mean the guy who fell called him Doc when he was shot. Thought he was you for a moment" He said to Nathan. "Real glad your ok."

"He's still alive. Help me get him upstairs." Nathan asked.

"Mr. Wiseman...If I don't... make it get back to the check point. "Dr. Morris said to Vin before losing conscious.

"Well, isn't this a strange turn of events...Mr. Wiseman?" Ezra joked.

"He's mistaken." Vin said as he helped the man upstairs.

"Mistaken identity seems to be going around." Ezra drawled.

\* \* \*

> Michael Wiseman lay on the bottom of the cliff amazed that he was still alive even though he should be used to this by now. Getting up he began the long trip up the cliff.<p> "Hey! This is easier then a skyscraper." Michael said to himself increasing his speed.<p>

He was making his way to Four Corners when three riders approached him.

"lose your horse, Vin." JD asked.

"You got to help me. My friend was shot."

"Get on." Chris Larabee said.

"Thanks. I think an old man brought him to town." Michael said.

"Are you feeling ok, Vin. You seem a little different" JD Asked.

"I'm ok." {why do they keep calling me Vin? western slang?\* he asked himself.}

"If you say so." JD Accepted his answer but something was wrong with him but he knew better then to press it.

{\*come to think of it those guys that ambushed us called me Vin. Could they be mistaking me for someone else?\*

"Who got shot? Was it one of us?" Josiah asked.

"Doc. My friend Doc." Michael said causing Chris to go at an all out gallop.

"Why didn't you say so?"

\* \* \*

> They rode up to the saloon just as Ezra was leaving.<p> "Where's Doc."<p>

"Upstairs with Buck and Vin... Hey! How you do that?" Ezra asked shocked to see Vin on the back of Chris's horse when he just went upstairs with Nathan.

"Doc's upstairs?" Michael asked as he ran in the saloon leaving the seldom shocked gambler staring after him.

"What's going on?" Chris asked. "How's the Doc?"

"He's fine. Working on the guy Charlie brought in. I need a drink." Ezra said heading back in the saloon.

\* \* \*

> "Doc! Doc!" Michael called searching the rooms upstairs.<p> "No need to shout, Vin. I'm right here. How'd you do that thing with your voice...Vin?...Vin. " Turning around he saw not one but two very shocked Vin 's.<p>

Tearing his eyes away from his twin, Michael went to doc's side. "How is he?"

"He's ok. Luckily the bullet went through without hitting anything important." Nathan said while turning to one Vin to another. "You never said you had a brother."

"I don't." Vin said as five really shocked men walked into the small room.

"There's two of them!" JD exclaimed.

"I'm betting your Mr. Wiseman?" Ezra said putting the few pieces of the puzzle together.

"Yeah, Michael Wiseman." Vin shook his hand.

"I don't get it Charlie said Vin...I mean you were shot and fell of old man' s bluff." Ezra stated as he turned between Michael and Vin. They were identical. The clothes were very similar. The only difference being that Vin always had his mare's leg by his side.

"Mr. Wiseman." Dr. Morris said to Vin.

"You're going to be ok. Doc." Michael said causing Theo to swing around. "I think there's something wrong with my eyes.

"Oh here are your glasses." Nathan placed them on his face.

"Mr. Wiseman, What is going on here?" Theo asked.

"It seems I have a double."

"A double? Mr. Wiseman."

"Easy there, mister." Nathan said as he eased The larger black man to lie down again. "You need your rest."

Nathan urged the three men out of the room ignoring Dr. Morris's protests. "Mr. Wiseman, be good."

\* \* \*

> End part 1. Encourage me to write more and tell me what you think.<insert>

End  
file.